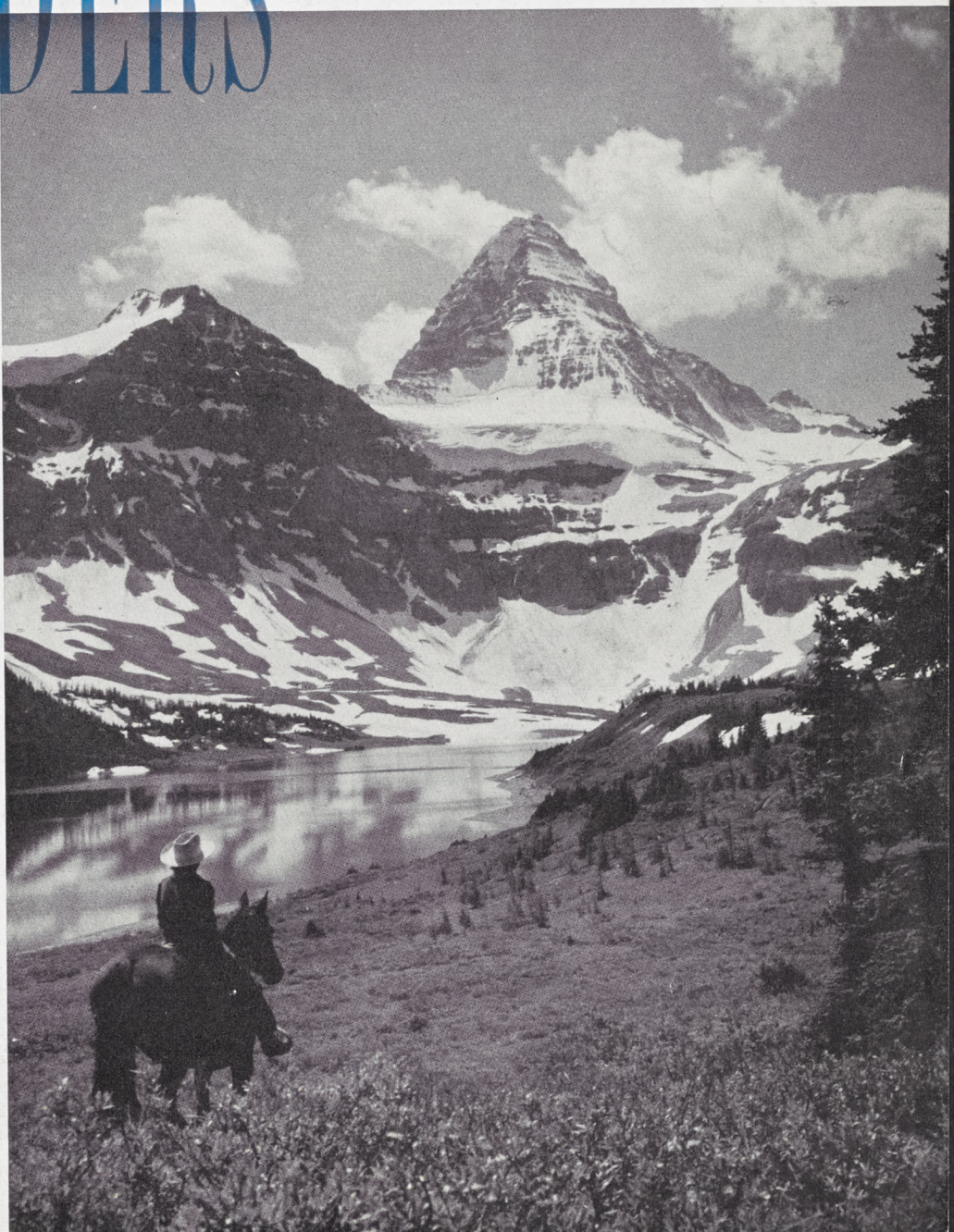


TRAIL RIDERS

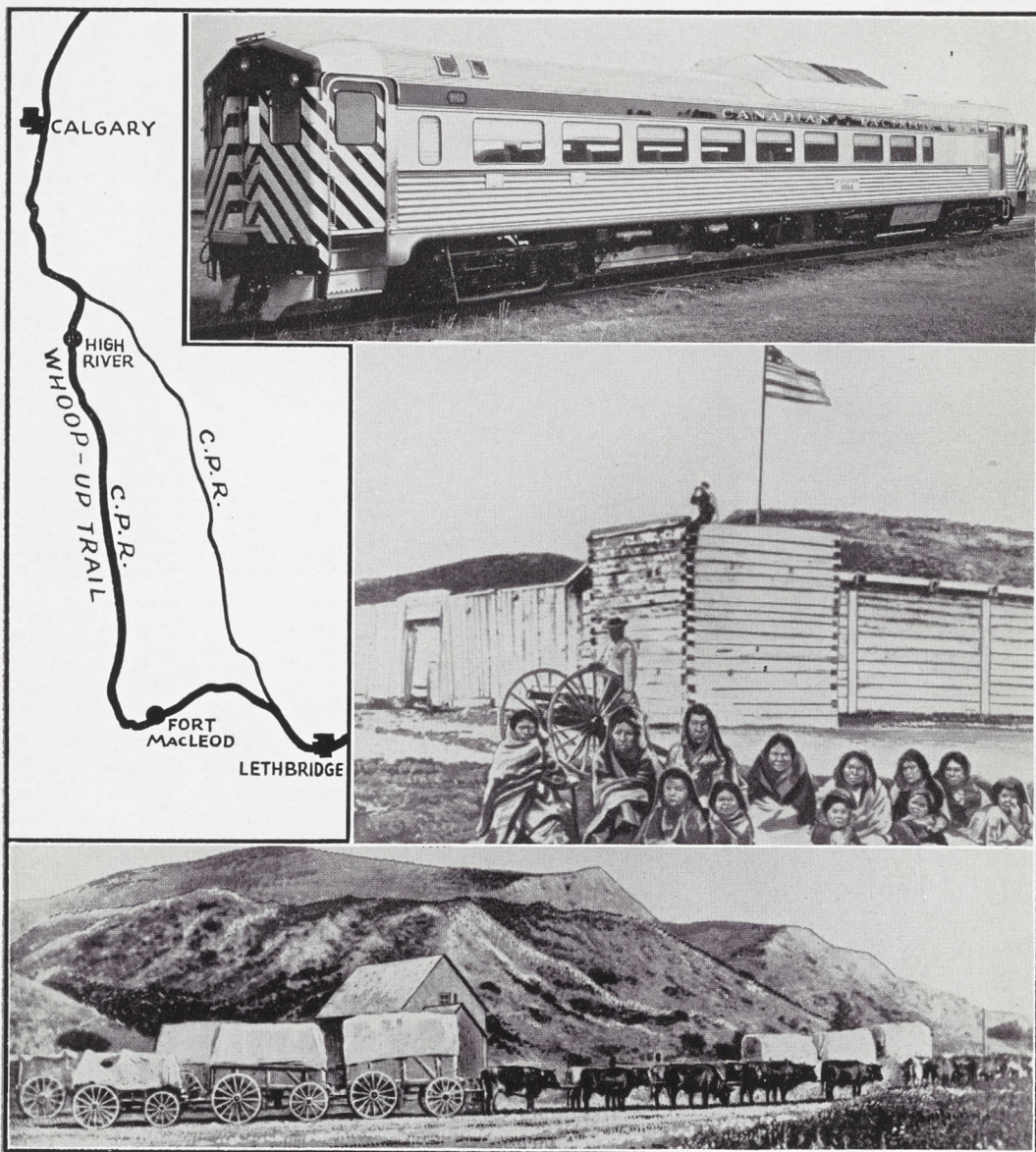


No. 96

SUMMER

1955

Dayliner Retraces "Whoop-up" Trail



● The pages of Alberta history turn with the wheels of the Canadian Pacific Railway's gleaming new self-propelled "Dayliner" on its 140-mile run between Lethbridge and Calgary, via Fort Macleod. The stainless steel streamliner actually retraces, in part, the historic "Whoop-Up Trail" over which once travelled the legendary bull trains, mule trains, the infamous whiskey traders, and later the horse-drawn stage coach and Alberta's early settlers.

The trail, which had its southern anchor at Fort Benton, Montana, ran 210 miles northward to notorious Fort Whoop-Up, built in 1869 at the junction of the St. Mary and the Oldman Rivers. With the coming of the North-West Mounted Police in 1874, the trail was extended to Fort Macleod and later north to Fort Calgary. Between Lethbridge and Fort Macleod, the old trail touched at several points now served by the new Dayliners, while beyond Fort Macleod the trail ran a course just west of the railway line.

Picture at upper right shows the smart new diesel-powered Dayliner which replaces steam power on the route, and below it an old photo of Fort Whoop-Up where the early Montana traders swapped whiskey with the Indians for Buffalo hides. The old muzzle-loading cannon subsequently was moved to Galt Park in Lethbridge. Below is seen a typical bull train of the type that travelled the Whoop-Up Trail for 20 years.

Today the Whoop-Up Trail lives largely in the minds of South Alberta's rapidly diminishing ranks of old-timers. However, there are isolated areas where imprints of the bull trains are still visible on the prairie sod.

CAMPSITE UP JOHNSON CREEK**Badger and Pulsatilla
Highlight Trail of '55**

OF ALL known commands, we can think of none more pleasant than the magic order, "Everybody up!" If you've been on previous trail rides, you'll understand what we mean. If not, we'll let you in on the secret.

"Everybody up!"—It's the command given by the president when we're ready to slip into the saddle for a day's ride along pine-scented trails, across fast-flowing rivulets, up breath-taking alpine passes, and over flower-bedecked meadows high above timberline.

"Everybody up!"—It carries a zestful excitement every bit as heady as the mountain air itself. And it won't be long before the long-awaited words once more fall like magic on the trail rider's ear! In other words, Trail Riders, it may be later than you think. Those big dates on the July page of your calendar are no longer impossibly far off in the future.

Yes, it's high time to shake the moths out of your duffle bag, to sort out your riding apparel, select your camp equipment and get organized for our top summer attraction. And in case you've been too preoccupied with other things, a brief resume of our plans may not be amiss.

In the first place, here's a reminder as to the dates. As in previous years, we'll be holding two annual rides, one of five days and the other of six days' duration. These are scheduled as follows: Five-day ride, Friday, July 15th through Tuesday, July 19th; Six-day ride: Friday, July 22nd through Wednesday, July 27th.

More interesting than the dates, however, is the campsite. The white spires of Teepee Town are all set to rise from an open meadow near the headwaters of Johnson Creek. The meadow lies in a broad valley flanked on the east by the jagged Sawback Range and on the west by the 9,000-ft wall of Mount Eisenhower. This places the campsite in a natural bowl with choice mountain vistas on all sides.



A guide's lot is not such an unhappy one — not if treatment given Ken Chatwin by this comely trio is any yardstick! We're not quite sure whether our guide is getting a haircut, a shave or a complexion rating. But whatever it is, Ken seems to like it.

In addition to the camp's Johnson Creek "waterfront" the camp is but a short ride or hike from lovely Luellen Lake whose photogenic qualities are rivalled only by its appeal to the angler.

Highlighting the '55 itinerary will be two principal trails, each constituting a day's ride and each noted for its spectacular panorama. The first of these leads up and over Badger Pass where it subsequently joins hands with the fast-flowing Cascade River. On one side the trail is flanked by Block Mountain (alt. 9,633 ft.) and on the other by Bonnet Mountain (alt. 10,615 ft.) with its majestic glacier.

The second trail is even more exciting. On this ride, the trail forks westward from Johnson Creek to work its way upward toward Pulsatilla Pass which it eventually straddles. This lofty, often snow-covered pass, is flanked on the west by its namesake Pulsatilla Mountain (alt. 10,060 ft.) with the majestic tower of Block Mountain looming in the east.

The latter trail, if followed sufficiently far, would eventually lead the rider or hiker to Baker Creek and Baker Lake. This objective, however, is too far afield for our limited schedule.

(Continued on page 11)

Don't forget these big dates !

Five-Day Ride — Friday, July 15 to Tuesday, July 19
Six-Day Ride — Friday, July 22 to Wednesday, July 27



Here's how we looked last summer. Trail Riders, at the height of our six-day camp! You may recall that we were tricked into the super-smiles by a well-timed exchange between the photographer and another member of the association. If you kept smiling like this all winter, we suggest you return this summer to build up some more smile-mileage for next winter's enjoyment.

We regret that members of the five-day contingent were not photographed as a complete group, though most members, including Lib Smith's group, are re-

presented pictorially in the pages that follow. And you'll note that Lib's girls (page 25) take a back seat to none where the quantity and quality of smiles are concerned.

"Uncle Ray" Bagley, genial veteran of many rides, is shown seated at extreme left (front row), while last year's president, Charlie Dunn stands at left centre in second row. Now see if you can recognize the others.

WHERE DO WE RIDE?

Base tepee campsite for the two 1955 trail rides will be established near the headwaters of fast-flowing Johnson Creek not far from lovely Luellen Lake, one of the beauty spots on this year's trail. The "outbound" corral will be reached from a point on the Banff-Lake Louise highway accessible by a scenic bus ride from Banff.

From base camp, trail riders will set out each morning on a new trail, lunch picnic-style on the trailside — usually by an alpine stream or lake where tea and coffee can be brewed on the spot — returning to camp at nightfall for supper, sing-song and campfire entertainment.

TEPEE ACCOMMODATION

Trail Riders are housed in attractive, hand-decorated Indian-made tepees, with three to four members to a tepee. Wherever possible, members will be housed with tepee mates of their own selection, particularly in the case of families and members of parties travelling together.

For sleeping purposes, the great majority of members make use of sleeping bags resting over a springy mattress of pungent spruce boughs and rubber ground sheet. Sleeping bags can be rented in camp for \$5.00 for the ride's duration, while rubber ground sheets, and blankets are provided gratis by the organization.

TASTY MEALS

Trail Riders have long taken pride in the quality of meals served during their annual get-together. Prepared by a skilled camp chef and assistants in a well-equipped cook tent, the tasty, wholesome and well balanced bill-of-fare adds much to the ride's success.

Breakfast and supper — each consisting of three main courses in addition to hot beverages — are served daily in camp. Lunch is taken on the trail at a pre-arranged point where members may enjoy an hour's respite from the saddle. Lunch is also served in camp to those choosing to remain in camp for the day.

FOOL'S GOLD FOOLED SWEDES*Creek Named for Frustrated Prospectors*

by TILLIE KNIGHT

HOWDY, Folks! What are the prospects for the coming trail ride? Wa-a-a-l, they look mighty good from where this scribe's a-writin'. It's the Johnson Creek territory—way up behind Mount Eisenhower, about 25 miles west of Banff—that's won the vote of the horses, guides, cooks, wranglers and, last but not least, the trail riders themselves.

So that's where we'll be a-headin' come July 15th and July 22nd!

And now, speaking about prospects, prospectors and prospecting, here's an old-time yarn about how Johnson Creek received its name. Seems that when Silver City—that fabulous Las Vegas of Alberta—was a rip-roarin' young boom town, its miner population was composed mainly of Cornishmen and Swedes.

Needless to say, there was considerable rivalry between the two groups. The Cornishmen, stalwart fellows though they were, were about half the size of the towering Swedes. As a result they frequently came out on the short end of the arguments that waged back and forth in the Silver City Saloon. It was only natural that, after considerable verbal abuse, the Cornishmen had to figure out a gimmick to beat the Swedes.

And here's how they did it.

Early one Sunday morning—the day of rest in all camps—the Cornishmen hiked off on a fishing expedition, taking along small bags. Though designed to appear as the party's lunch kits, the bags actually contained a healthy supply of iron pyrites, better known as fool's gold. The Cornishmen stayed out all day, returning to camp at nightfall.

Next evening things began to happen. The Cornishmen started dropping whispers about big findings up Johnson Creek. The whispering gradually swelled into a series of excited murmurs and the Swedes began to prick up their ears. To lend further support to their act, the Cornishmen secretly displayed small pokes of their "findings" and reported—just loud enough for the Swedes to hear—that the rich strike had been located up Johnson Creek a few miles from camp.

The ruse worked perfectly. That night, equipped with a healthy assortment of panning equipment, the Swedes set out to locate the new bonanza. They returned to

camp a couple of days later obviously in the best of spirits. It was also noticed that they mailed out small bags to the district assayer.

For the next two nights the Swedes were making big fellows of themselves in the saloon. There was little doubt that they expected big things from the assayer's report. Meanwhile, the Cornishmen were going around with long, sad faces—though making sure they got in on the rounds of free drinks ordered by the exuberant Swedes.

Then came the assayer's report and the analysis—fool's gold! Ah, me! The Swedes were temporarily stunned. Then, breaking into howls of rage, they threatened to tear the Cornishmen and the camp apart. Fortunately, however, they calmed down before they could carry out their threats. Peace was made between the two clans.

As a kindly gesture to the frustrated gold prospectors, it was decided to name the creek after the Swedish clan of Jensens. The name—gradually abridged to "Johnson"—

(Continued on page 11)

CAMP'S No. 1 FISHERMAN

Chances are good that trout will be on the camp menu tonight. It's not the first time that Howard Watkins, of Calgary, has slipped out from camp with his rod and tackle to return later with a brimming creel. Anglers can hope for equally good results on this year's trail.



The calendar may read July but snow lies heavy on the timberline as trail riders plod slowly up Wonder Pass.

Trail Riding with George

by MARY PARKER

ON A SUNNY morning in July we left Banff and jolted for thirty miles in buses over a private road beside the Spray River, all sixty-four of us who were taking the thirty-first annual trail ride in the Canadian Rockies, plus six guides. (We had to win our spurs to be called Trail Riders—fifty miles on horseback earns the bronze pin of membership.)

George and I met at trail head, where the riding horses had been taken a couple of days before. Packers and pack horses had already carried our camp equipment and food to the more-than-mile-high cold-water, flat on Bryant Creek Meadows at the base of Cascade Rock, where we were to spend the next four nights. The outfitters had scouted the trails we were to follow.

George is the tallest, broadest, gentlest, wisest, most patient, most sure-footed, most nonchalant, hungriest horse I have ever known. George carried me up and down perpendicular trails for five days and cantered—or more often, alas, trotted—across level stretches without a protest, even though we were rarely going in the same vertical direction at the same time. George stood immobile while I leaped on his back from stumps, rocks and mounds of earth because I could never reach his vast height

starting from his level. I couldn't even get my foot in the stirrup—and not because I was stiff either!

D-for-Duffle-Day had brought a welter of activity in Banff, for duffle must be at the Mount Royal Hotel in the village by four o'clock the afternoon before the ride sets out, and everyone was shopping for last-minute things. Duffle is a word that covers mattresses and sleeping bags—air and down in that order for those who can afford them—and for everyone long woolen undies, woolen and cotton socks, long-sleeved shirts (cotton by day and woolen by night), long-sleeved woolen sweater, a warm jacket, preferably leather, extra blue jeans, woolen frontier pants or slacks, rain-coat, loafers and, for one girl, a ski suit in which she looked very chic sitting on a log for dinner and in which she later went to bed. Others of us changed into woolen pajamas, but more of that anon. Ground sheets are supplied by the outfitters and you can rent a mattress, though not of air, and a sleeping bag, though not of down. All of this goes into a duffle bag, and if you don't pack carefully, the thing you want most will be at the bottom, as my tepee-mates testified. Believe it or not, all my duffle was contained in two airline canvas bags, which convinced everyone that I would wear the same clothes day and night for the whole five days. They were wrong. In those two bags were all the things I have enumerated except the riding clothes I was wearing and my leather jacket and raincoat,

● The accompanying article is reprinted from the April 1955 issue of "Mademoiselle". Copyright Street & Smith Publications, Inc. Mrs. Parker, the author, was a member of the five-day ride last summer.

without which I never left base camp. It is a simple matter to strap them on behind the saddle and there was never a day that, somewhere along the trail, I didn't need one or the other. Luckily it rained only the last day on the way out, but a plastic raincoat is a fine windbreak on high mountain passes and a fine ground sheet to sit on while you eat your lunch. My wallet went into one pocket of my jeans, lipstick and compact in the other. Other essential toilet articles went into a waterproof bag—suntan lotion (a must), Anacin, toothbrush and paste, cold cream and soap. I forswore the traditional Stetson for an unromantic but practical visored cap on the trail. It kept my hair clean and reasonably neat and didn't fall off when George decided to canter or get torn off by overhanging boughs.

George had wanderlust

We rode in over the foothills twelve miles to base camp, stopping for lunch beside a roaring waterfall. George went looking for greener pastures and, since I then did not know enough to keep an eye on him every minute—nor, indeed, would I have surely recognized him—was found by a guide basking in clover the other side of the brook. George always wandered as far as possible during rest periods and evidently always found lush eating, as he was as slick and fat as a butterball. He also tried to roll over with his saddle on, I later discovered, so that first day was his only completely unsupervised rest period.

It was late afternoon when we reached camp and a prettier sight at the end of a long day I have not seen than our tepee village with smoke coming from the cook tent. First job was to get out duffle from the pile and make our beds. One of my tepee-mates, Isabel Stewart from Calgary, had an air mattress and a down sleeping bag. The other, Georgina Ronaghan from British Columbia, and I distributed spruce boughs (Already cut, thank goodness) in the hollows, laid our ground sheet and sleeping bags on top and then set about the business of making a fire. Nothing burned and "Come and get it" mercifully interrupted our attempts.

Everyone was a little stiff the first night, except a group of girls from the East who had been staying at the Kananaskis Ranch near Banff and took this as their pack trip. We all went back after dinner to our tepees, Isabel and Georgie and I to struggle with our fire. Never have I seen such a smoke as we raised. The only way we could get in and out of the tepee without suffocating was on our

(Continued on page 8)

WHY NOT TRY GONDOLAS ?



It looks like a flooded highway but it's really a bona-fide stream, even though water has reached beyond its appointed limits. Thanks to those sure-footed ponies, few complained of wet feet.

TRAIL RIDING WITH GEORGE

(Continued from page 7)

hands and knees. The singsong in the Doughnut, a big round tent with a hole in the middle, lightened our smoky gloom a bit but there was still the problem of getting enough heat to undress by. We solved the problem by making as if we were in the upper berth of a train—we undressed lying down, the smoke in a cloud above our heads with only an occasional whiff going out the hole.

It takes experience not only to get into a sleeping bag but, once in, to stay on a spruce-bough bed. Far from having filled the hollows, we sank down into them and the humps sank into us and, when we turned over, both Georgie (my tepee-mate, not my horse) and I took our bags with us and rolled almost into the still smoldering embers of the fire. Isabel slept sweetly on her air mattress, untouched by our misery. The cold night air blew in under the tent and we barricaded the chinks with our bags and riding boots. And we froze, looking up at the stars, until the horses came thundering past our tepees at dawn, after grazing in meadows all night. We were perfectly sure they would come crashing into the tepee but of course we were wrong. I seem to remember getting a little sleep after the sun came up and before the rising bell rang. It didn't seem possible after the chill of the night before that it could be so warm when we got up, but by the time we had gone across the river and into the trees, and brushed our teeth in what we hoped was an unpolluted part of the brook and washed our faces and hands at the camp water shelf in warm water with

a ferroplate for a mirror, and lined up for coffee—it was really too warm even for a jacket.

We were off each day by nine, a trail stretching up the mountain and back down the valley as far as the eye could see. The ride is not regimented, but the guides keep an eye out to see that no one gets in trouble and that everyone is accounted for at least three times on the way—at the morning and afternoon breaks and at lunch. The scenery is spectacular. Every day we rode a different trail, with Mount Assiniboine, the giant of them all, always in the offing. One day we lunched across the lake at its base and rode out over a pass still buried in snow. George picked his way slowly and carefully and didn't sink through, but others, not so trail-wise, floundered up to their necks, and their riders had to dismount and get through on their own. Far below us lay incredibly blue and turquoise lakes such as I have seen only in the Canadian Rockies. Beside us silver-gray ghosts of trees, shorn by avalanches of every vestige of life, still stood their ground. Mountain meadows were blanketed with wild flowers. Rivulets grew into rushing streams that we forded, our feet held high in the saddle. George plowed through them without a quiver.

The second day the trail leader showed us how to make a fire. "Make a little depression in the earth and build a low stone wall around it. Stand your kindling up and don't put the whole forest on at once . . ." He fixed the flap of our tepee with a pole so we could stake it open when we wanted a draft. We had a wonderful fire from then on, with smoke and sparks flying upward through the opening at the top. Other people came in to sing by it after the Doughnut closed down for the night.

Georgie and I also found that there were some extra mattresses, so we spread a thicker layer of spruce branches, put the mattresses on them, then the sleeping bags, then our plastic raincoats—and



Snow patches become general as trail riders ascend the trail to Wonder Pass. Larches indicate timberline is near — and that's about 7,300 ft. above sea level.



Ignoring the lowering skies, trail riders enjoy lunch on the shores of Spray Lakes while waiting to be assigned their horses at nearby corral. At right, trail riders lead their horses over log bridge not far from corral.



slept like the dead the second night.

Last night at camp is Stunt Night at the Doughnut, each tepee putting on an act. Georgie, Isabel and I made hula skirts out of brush, leis out of leaves, and flowers out of Kleenex and lipstick and did a Trail rider's

version of the *Hukilau* song. Since we all wore layers of clothes under our hula skirts and leis, we didn't look too authentic. There was dancing to an accordion after the stunts, and singing, and beloved Ray Bagley, who pioneered in these mountains murmuring his Robert Service-type ballads, and hot chocolate and cookies as always—and the last night was over. Everyone got sentimental and we wandered from tepee promising eternal friendship and to write as soon as we got home and to meet again on a Trail Ride.

Highest and worse!

We rode out eighteen miles the next day over the highest and worst pass of all, far above the timber line, where the wind howled mercilessly and nothing was alive but us. The Brewsters met us at trail's end with a tremendous dinner and we took the bus back to Banff. By this time a horse seemed the only safe means of transportation around the hairpin curves and I longed for George. George, I am sure, did not long for me. I was not even sure he recognized me at the end of five days of devotion on my part.

By dusk we were back to the three B's—Banff, baths and beds. Had we ever slept under the stars with wood smoke in our eyes?

The first trail ride is always scheduled to follow Banff Indian Days, which follow the Calgary Stampede. It is fun to do all three.



There is nothing quite like the chuck wagon races at the Stampede, and Indian Days bring out a wonderfully costumed parade. In the intervening days you can get limbered up at the Banff Springs Hotel with golf or horseback riding or dancing. You can also take some of the daily sight-seeing tours, go boating on the Bow River or take the chair lift up Mount Norquay. Or you can spend the summer at the Banff School of Fine Arts, an extension of the University of Toronto.

● The editor regrets that, due to unavoidable circumstances, it was not possible to publish a Fall edition of "Trail Riders" magazine in 1954.

This will account for the overwhelming number of photos in this issue dealing with last year's ride. The editor hopes that these will still bring back many pleasant memories to members of the '54 rides, and serve as an example of things to come for those planning their debut on this year's trails.

Our revised schedule calls for two more editions this year—the first of which will be released in October and the second in December. The first issue of 1956 will be published in March.

Horses are Dreaming Of a Dude Like You!

by LIB SMITH

OH, MY! Here they come, three bus loads of dudes for the 1955 Trail Ride! I'm wondering what kind of person I'll get. Last year I had a woman who could hardly ride. She just about pulled me over every time she mounted. Many times she would find a stump or a large stone and gingerly lead me up to it. When she was ready to mount, I would turn just a bit. That did it! Then she'd ask for help. A cowboy would stroll up and hoist her into the saddle. I've often wondered if the cowboy wouldn't rather have given her a "boot" instead of a "boost"! Will someone *please* tell me why cowboys have so much patience with dudes and not with us dumb animals? — \$!

Last year a group of teen-age girls joined the Trail Ride. One of the ranch horses just told me that they are coming back this year. Maybe I'll be lucky and get one of them. Yes, I said "lucky" for they sure can swing into the saddle just like a cowboy, and they never bounce on my back. I may have to go a little faster but I'd always be one of the first to get home. Then, too, they *always* ride near one of the cowboys who knows the trails. I just can't quite understand this for I don't think these girls are afraid of *any* trail.

Here they come now, closer and closer! Shall I go limp and look like an old, slow horse and get one of those beginners all dressed up in flashy clothes? No, I'll perk up, move around in an inquisitive manner, and *hope* to get one of the giggly teen-agers dressed in good old blue jeans.

"Trail Riders"

Official Publication of the Trail Riders of the Canadian Rockies.

Address all Bulletin material to

GRAHAM NICHOLS

Secretary-Treasurer and Editor

Room 294, Windsor Station

Montreal, Que., Canada

Bud shouts, "Number 31!" Here I go (for that's the large red number painted on my rump). Look! Here comes . . . Yes, you guessed it . . . a teen-age girl named Dolly. "Time alone will tell."

Signed #3

(but by true indentivity, Buck)

~*~

Pioneers Lauded

Hundreds of people from the United States, Canada, the British Isles, and from all over the world, have enjoyed trail riding in the beautiful Canadian Rockies, thanks to the foresight of such pioneers as R. H. Palenske, Dr. John Murray Gibbon, Lt.-Col. P. A. Moore and others who have since passed on.

May they rest in peace—in tranquility as beautiful as the flower-covered valleys guarded by the high peaks and eternal snows through which they and their successors have travelled the skyline trails for 32 consecutive years. They left a real heritage.

R. J. MATHER



Rivers and streams present no obstacle to trail riders. They take it in the horse's stride and still manage to keep their boots free of water. Horses have uncanny talent for picking their way over boulders on river bed, seldom daunted by force of fast-flowing stream. Without a horse you'd never make it!

Camp Life Can Continue if You'll Part with Horse



WE HAVE yet to hear a trail rider announce that he has had his fill of the trails, that he is tired of camp life, or that he would prefer his favorite TV show to a campfire pow-wow! Nosir, it's usually the reverse. He just wishes that those rides could go on forever, that the trails would never end and the nearest thing he'd ever see again to a city skyscraper would be Mount Assiniboine!

But a five-day ride — or even a six-day ride — is a far cry from forever. Time has a habit of employing jet-power speed during those fun-packed days in July and before we know it, we're mournfully singing "Auld Lang Syne" at the grand Pow-Wow in the shadow of Banff Springs Hotel.

But don't let it get you down. If that gnawing nostalgia for camplife and the trails won't let up, think twice before packing your trail duds. There's five more days of camplife still glowing for you on the trail calendar. It's the annual five-day camp of the Skyline Trail Hikers of the Canadian Rockies, scheduled this year for Saturday, July 30th through Wednesday, August 3rd.

When you see the cowboys folding up the trail ride tents and silently stealing away, don't think for a minute that the Tepee Town housing units are enroute to the mothballs. Far from it. Those same tepees, in which you stored up so many happy memories on the trail rides, will reappear three days later on the shores of lovely Lake O'Hara — all set to store up more happy memories for the Skyline Hikers!

Choice of Lake O'Hara as the 1955 campsite was virtually unanimous! And

among those who voted so overwhelmingly in its favor were hikers (some of them members of the Trail Riders association as well) who had been there before. The balance of the O'Hara boosters had seen enough photos, read enough descriptive material or heard sufficient verbal reports to leave them convinced.

Lake O'Hara is not just another campsite — It is something extra special from the hiker's standpoint. At no time since the Skyliners planted their alpenstocks on the lake's tranquil marge a decade ago, has a more glamorous itinerary been in the offing. In addition to its own regal setting, the lake is a focal point for the most magnificent skyline trails in the Banff-Lake Louise region.

A happy prelude to the hike will be a scenic bus ride from Banff to a point a few miles west of Lake Louise where hikers will take to the trail to Tepee Town. From then on it will be five days of splendor in a cinemascopic setting of lofty peaks, gleaming glaciers, deep wooded valleys, skyward lakes and fast-flowing cataracts — all to be viewed from the trailside grandstand!

If you can think of a happier postscript to the trail rides than a five-day sojourn with the hikers, please let us know. Somehow, we just can't.

For complete details, including the folder "Hiking High", and a complimentary issue of "Skyline Trail", the group's official publication, please write the Secretary-Treasurer, Skyline Trail Hikers of the Canadian Rockies, Room 294, Windsor Station, Montreal, Que., Canada.

FOOL'S GOLD FOOLED SWEDES

(Continued from page 5)

has stayed with the creek down through the years.

So you see, folks, there was gold in them thar' hills years ago, albeit fool's gold. And there is still treasure in the valley as far as we trail riders are concerned. There are the gemlike lakes, the golden glow of evening campfires and the pearly dew that glistens on our campsite meadow.

And we'll be looking forward to building up more of those golden friendships that flourish on the trails!

CAMPSITE UP JOHNSON CREEK

(Continued from page 3)

Trail riders will be transported from Banff to Hillsdale Meadows, a point some 12 miles westward on the Banff-Lake Louise highway. Here they will take to the saddle for the first day's ride into camp. The trail will continue from Hillsdale in a northerly direction for a short distance "overland" before falling in line with Johnson Creek. For the balance of the day's journey, the creek will be our singing companion.

"Everybody up!" Now will you get busy with that duffle?



If it's tragedy they're watching the girls are shedding bitter tears. But since accent was on comedy we'd say the tears spring from uncontrollable laughter!

New Laurels for Trail Ride Troupers!

★ ★ ★ ★

DID YOU ever see an elephant by a campfire in the Canadian Rockies? Probably not.

If, however, you were one of those fortunates to witness last summer's Stunt Nite extravaganza, you saw a reasonable facsimile of the mighty pachyderm. With a rolled-up groundsheet for a trunk, rugged tree limbs for tusks, a hefty blanket for a hide, and a pair of cooperative trail riders for Jumbo's framework and motive power, the effect was all that could be desired.

To a zoologist, the sight of said elephant dancing as no elephant has ever danced, and giving forth with melodic airs as well, would come as something of a jolt! But to trail riders, seasoned in such forms of wacky entertainment, it was just another zany act to applaud.

And applaud they did. Never before have the trail troupers presented so hilarious a program of sense and nonsense, never before have they displayed a finer brand of short-order talent, and never have they had the spectators rolling so helplessly in the grassy aisles as during those memorable Follies of Fifty-Four!

Chances are you saw the show at first hand. If so, a glance at the scenes depicted on these pages will serve as a refresher and start you laughing all over again. For those who came in late, or have yet to see the

show, however, a few words about Stunt Nite should prove of interest, and perhaps serve as a warning of what newcomers may expect when the imaginary curtain goes up over the campfire stage in July.

As its name implies, Stunt Nite is a night reserved on the camp calendar for entertainment in the trail ride manner. This boils down to a slap-happy splurge of vaudeville that ranges from melodrama of the "Hearts and Flowers" species, through barber shop quartettes, to dashing and spicy dialogue. In other words, it's terrific.

The traditional rules, as laid down by the fathers of Stunt Nite, require that the occupants of each tepee contribute one act (rehearsed or otherwise) to the annual fun-fest that rings down the curtain on each of the two annual rides. Significantly held on the eve of departure from camp, the big show gives its cast (and that's a healthy share of the camp's personnel) one last chance to throw cares to the wind and go slightly goofy before returning to the cares of civilization.

Perhaps you're wondering how we go about recruiting our talent—actors, script writers, stage hands, musicians, costume designers, etc. on so little notice. The explanation is as simple as it is short. We don't. They just seem to materialize from all corners of the camp, usually an hour or so before curtain time!



This too was in the script!

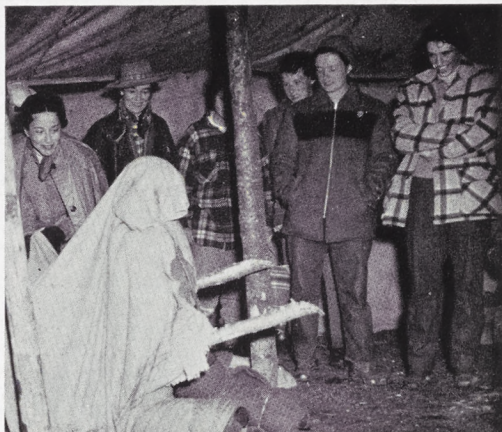
Camp routine goes by the boards on the eve of the big show. The tepee grounds are practically deserted—most unusual sight for an early evening. You hear soft wisps of melody, perhaps, from the direction of the Flying Star tepee, loud guffaws from the Rainbow (comedy, no doubt, in the offing), and a bit of brisk dialogue from the tepee that's known as Turtle. You poke your head in the flap of the "Doughnut" and are politely told to scram. "Can't you see we're rehearsing, fella?"

And that, friends, is a sneak preview of what goes on behind the scenes, when the trail riders hold their one and only rehearsal—that is, of course, if they rehearse at all. Fact is, some of the best acts are made the more hilarious because some actor forgets his lines, loses his notes, or can't read them properly in the flickering campfire light. The result is often a flurry of ad-libbing that you'll swear is better than the original script could ever be.

And what about costumes? There's nothing in the trail ride pamphlet, "Riding High", that advises members to tote stage apparel in their duffle bags! Relax, friend. The costumes *are* in your duffle bag, only you may not know it at the time.

If your striped pyjamas are missing, just show up at the Doughnut. Chances are the pyjamas will show up too—particularly if your pal's act calls for a gaily striped turban or something. Blankets, ground sheets and towels are transformed miraculously in short order to stage garb and trappings. Even evergreen boughs have been found ideal substitutes for grass skirts with a Hawaiian motif peculiarly their own.

On with the show! ➡

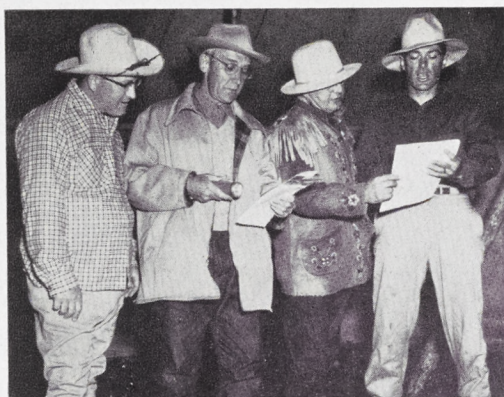


Elephant collapses under its own weight while trying to take a bow. Unexpected tumble reveals that Jumbo's make-up is varied!



Jumbo regains his composure and waits patiently for instructions from his trainer, Ann Edwards, of Chicago. Trunk is rolled-up ground sheet.





Melody magic from the Barbershop Quartette! Clifford Stivers illuminates page for Bill Bardwell.



Bough-clad chorus takes a bow.



◀ "Gunsight" sings about his old hoss Paint as Helen Ramsay looks on. One of the more colorful guides, Gunsight (C. C. Cook) was once a dude rider.

▶ Playing both ends against the middle, Clarence Richards gives forth with a cowboy lament while group of trail riders joins mournfully in.



Setting for the show of shows is old Super-Tent itself . . . the big Doughnut, so named for its circular aperture in the roof panel. By reason of this exposed section of the canvas rooftop, the tent becomes a theatre under the stars with higher mountain peaks also being visible to the audience.

Stunt Nite is invariably a sell-out. The "Standing Room Only" sign is hoisted early in the evening. It's open house for everyone within a radius of 10 miles! When the park warden decides to visit the camp, for some reason or other, he always plans the visit to coincide with our annual performance! Maybe it's more than mere coincidence.

The logue seats in the trail ride amphitheatre are (if you'll excuse the comparison) the log seats. These consist of several giant logs encircling the Doughnut's interior. They are close enough to the stage to afford an unobstructed view of the show, yet sufficiently removed to avoid the risk of an unexpected hot-foot. The standees usually can be seen in the shadows behind the logs.

'Tis said that one picture is worth a thousand words. In other words, the scenes pictured on adjacent pages, are worth a healthy chunk of Webster's dictionary with a supply of guffaws thrown in for good measure. May we suggest that you look these over and try to picture the scenes as they really were enacted. If so, you'll probably close the magazine with the idea that you've seen the greatest show on earth.

As a tribute to those participating in the '54 show, we might single out a few acts that have left an indelible mark in Stunt Nite's hall of fame. One of these, featuring the amazing marksmanship of a certain

Professor Spinner, just refuses to take a final curtain! Last summer, the role was capably filled by Dr. Harry Osborne, our camp medico, whose thrilling bag of marksmanship tricks featured a peculiarly slow bullet, and one so fast that it hit the target before leaving the gun. There was also an educated bullet that could find its way to any given target.

Vocal talent, of a calibre we did not know existed, was displayed by a certain tepee quartet which, along with the campfire smoke, brought tears to the eyes of the on-lookers. With such vocalists as Bill Bardwell, Clifford Stivers, and Howard Watkins — to name a few—close harmony was never too far from the audience. And that skit by Kay McVeigh and Ann Edwards—too bad there were no talent scouts scouting around.

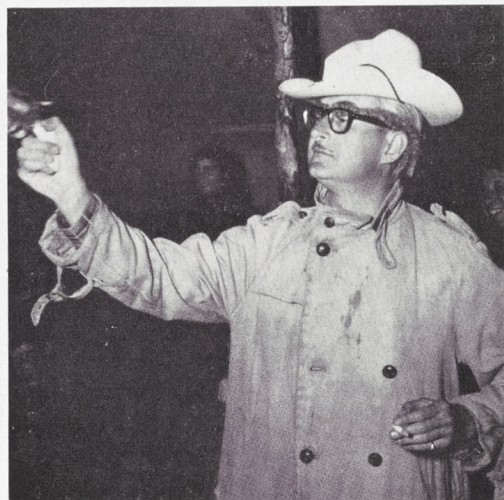
Also high on the talent parade were the comely Winniepeggers who rushed the Christmas season a few months by featuring old Saint Nick himself and a gaily bedecked Christmas tree. The costumes were particularly appropriate. So orchids (or perhaps we should say poinsettias) to Elaine Thomson, Pat Busby and the other yuletide sprites who danced their way into the hearts of the entire audience.

As usual, Lib Smith's troupers were well in the limelight with their catchy selections of the sweetest music this side of the Spray River. The repertoire included a certain song hit that has successfully survived a number of seasons—"Tell Me Why" is the name. Maybe, it's the way they sing it. Nor do they confine their talents to vocal

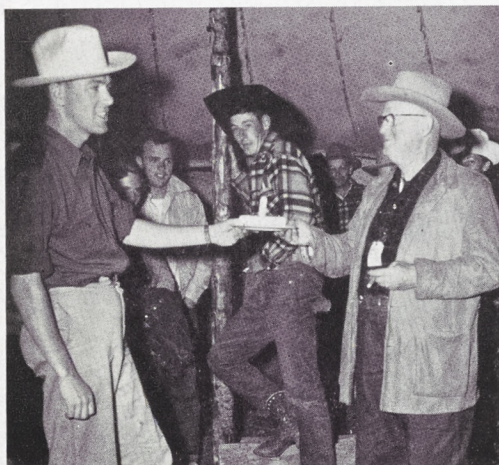
(Continued on page 28)



A sophisticated skit by Kay McVeigh and Ann Edwards deserved an oscar.



"And this, folks, is the educated bullet!" So says Professor Spinner (alias Dr. Harry Osborne) as he prepares to fire at a target known only to the bullet.



Birthdays come once a year even when you're on a trail ride. And don't think they go unobserved. There's always someone on hand to bake a cake, supply the candles (within reason) and pat you on the sunburned back. Here emcee Ross Alger, left, hands one over to president Charlie Dunn.



... And another cake goes to Frank E. Sabin. "Don't let that single candle fool you," says Frank.



Ray Bagley — rancher, poet, rider and philosopher — says that all's right with the world when you're on a trail ride. Trail rider companion apparently knows just how right he is. Photo was taken on outskirts of Tepee Town way out on Bryant Creek Meadows.



Not the start of the Kentucky Derby but something equally good from the trail rider's standpoint! Trio, centred by Bill Bardwell, gets set for another day on the trails.



"They could stack 'em this high and I'd still have room for more," says genial Frank Sabin, shielding a plateful of flapjacks from the cooling mountain breeze.



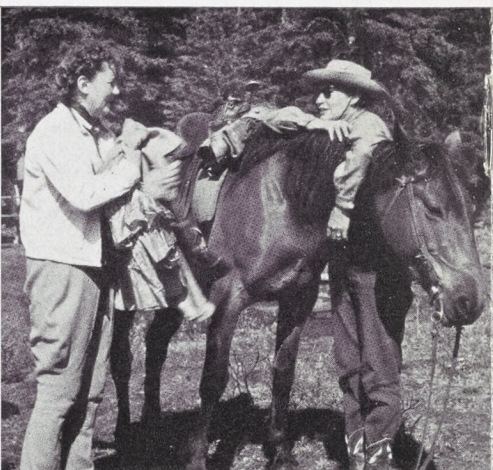
Keep practising like this, Pal, and you'll be signed up by the trail riders in no time at all. The obliging steed is colorful guide, "Gunsight" who was christened C. C. Cook.



Packing case makes ideal supper table for Howard Watkins, left, and Jack Norminton, seen tucking it away in the shadow of the big "Doughnut". If trout is on menu, thank Howard!



Are they downhearted — What do you think? Happy group enjoying noontime snack includes Jock Kyles, Jack Norminton, Jean Bailey, Colin J. Kyles, and Uncle Ray Bagley. This is the kind of scene you look back on when you're lining up in your favorite city cafeteria.



In town, the ladies discuss things over the back fence. On the ride they do an equally good job over a horse. Photo was taken in camp just prior to a day on the trails — or maybe it was just after. Home corral is in background.



The rodeo spirit surged through camp in no uncertain terms to produce scenes reminiscent of the Calgary Stampede! Here Charlie Douglas and John McIver (right) engage in an animated joust.



One more river to cross — perhaps they'll be more, but who cares? That's how Darch Osborne feels about it as he guides his mount across a fast-flowing mountain stream. Son of Dr. Harry Osborne, Darch was one of our juniormost members of cavalcade.

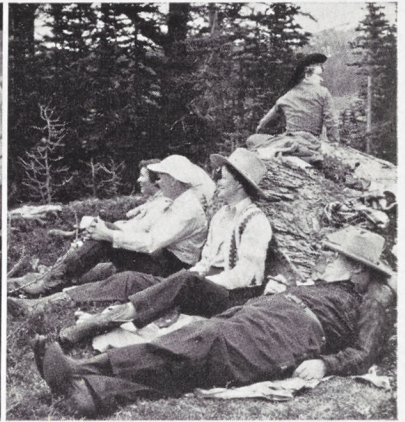
(Vera Hansen photo)



For horses it's not always a case of all work and no play, that is if you can call this playing. Trail riders are natural horse lovers and soon make pets of their mounts.



Group of teeners from south of the border hold caucus around cracker box. Just what was under discussion when cameraman moved in is anybody's guess. Lad at left is Calgarian.



When the president says it's time to relax, then it's time to relax! That's why everyone here has followed the example of president Charlie Dunn, extreme right.



It takes courage to dip your tootsies into those cold, cold mountain waters. However, it's well worth it after the initial shock of immersion is over. Trail rider at right is still debating the question.



Easy as falling off a log — but let's hope it doesn't happen, at least till the soup course is completed. Seems a strange way to "set the table" even in camp but, as we've said before, anything goes. Heading the crew is Jeremy Tunstall, of Toronto, while Harry Osborne is seated astern.

"CHES" McNAIR ELECTED PRESIDENT

Camp Lauded at Annual Meeting

Ches S. McNair, of Great Falls, Montana, was elected president of the Trail Riders of the Canadian Rockies at the association's annual meeting on the athletic grounds of Banff Springs Hotel.

The meeting, presided over by Chas. M. Dunn, of Regina, the retiring president, was attended by a large gathering of association officers, the majority of whom had returned the same afternoon from the six-day ride.

Mrs. W. A. (LaVera) Fuerst, of Cincinnati, Ohio, was elected a vice-president to fill the vacancy caused by Mr. McNair's promotion. Re-elected vice-presidents were Charles Douglas, Calgary, Alta.; Miss Ethel Knight, Banff, Alta.; A. D. McNicol, Port Alberni, B.C., and Frank E. Sabin, of Eureka, Montana.

Four new members were added to the trail riders' council. They were Miss Jean Bailey, Vancouver, B.C.; Howard C. Watkins, Calgary, Alta.; Ross P. Alger, Calgary, Alta, and Miss Donna Smale, Winnipeg, Man.

The resignation of Dr. Harold W. Price, of Calgary, as trail ride physician, was received with regret. Dr. Price, who will continue as a member, was succeeded by Dr. Harry G. Osborne, also of Calgary, a present member of the council and physician on a number of previous rides.

Mr. Dunn, in keeping with regulations, was transferred to the roster of ex-presidents.

In a brief report to the executive and council, Mr. Dunn had high praise for the efficient manner in which the rides and camp had been conducted. He particularly commended the outfitter and his staff for their care in looking after equipment and the camp's welfare in general.

It was moved by Miss Elizabeth G. Smith and seconded by Marshall Diverty that Ray Bagley be presented with a 2,500-mile Trail Ride button. The motion carried unanimously and button was mailed to Mr. Bagley a few days later.

Mr. Dunn moved that, funds permitting, the association purchase four new tepees and one new tent. The motion was seconded by the secretary-treasurer.

It was moved that next year's rides be held on the corresponding periods of that year, i.e. Friday, July 15th through Tuesday, July 19th, and Friday, July 22nd through Wednesday, July 27th.

Four areas were recommended as possible campsites for 1955. These were Pipestone Creek, Johnson Creek, Panther Creek and Taylor Lake. It was moved by Tillie Knight and seconded by Mr. Dunn that the final decision be left with the outfitter, assisted by members of the trail committee.

Open air executive meeting gets underway on athletic grounds of Banff Springs Hotel. The meeting was followed by the grand pow-wow which winds up the season's activities.



Trail riders chat over the coffee cups at supper preceding the grand pow-wow. Members who missed out on the ride frequently attend the supper to hear all about it from their colleagues. Seated, second from left, is Ann Crump, of Montreal, a member of the council.

Esther Richards ladles out coffee while Ruth Brewster looks on. Banff Springs Hotel looms in the background.



It was moved by Mr. Diverty and seconded by Mr. Dunn that a vote of thanks be extended, on behalf of the association, to B. I. M. Strong, superintendent, Banff National Park. It was emphasized that the trails were in ideal condition for both rides.

Votes of thanks were also tendered the outfitter, Bud Brewster, Clarence Richards, accordianist; Ross P. Alger, the campfire M.C.; the secretary-treasurer, the cook staff, the Canadian Pacific Railway, and the manager of Banff Springs Hotel.

The following were in attendance: Chas. M. Dunn, president; Marshall H. Diverty, Frank E. Sabin, Jock Kyles, Miss Helen Ramsay, Miss Elizabeth G. Smith, Miss LaVera Fuerst, Mrs. P. A. Moore, Miss Ruth Woolley, Mr. Claude B. Brewster, Mr. Bud Brewster, Mr. John McIver, Miss Ann Crump, Miss Tillie Knight, Dr. Harry G. Osborne, Graham Nichols, Mr. Clarence Richards.

The ride was over but the memories lingered on. Our nostalgia for Bryant Creek Meadows, however, was tempered somewhat

by a camp-style supper held on the grounds of Banff Springs Hotel shortly after our return from the six-day ride.

Though the closely-cropped lawns were a far, far cry from the grassy hummocks, stumps and logs that furnished our camp cafeteria, the camp atmosphere was reproduced in practically every other respect.

First and foremost, the bill-of-fare was lifted from a typical camp menu, with hostess Ruth Brewster of Kananaskis Ranch and Esther Richards, camp cook on previous rides, dishing it out. Even the camp cook-stove and utensils, cutlery and crockery, managed to get into the act!

In addition, the supper took place in the shadow of old Super-Tent, the big "Doughnut" where we had recently spent so many happy evenings in camp. The tent had been dismantled and speeded from camp to Banff Springs Hotel to be ready for the grand Pow-Wow which followed the supper.

A final realistic touch was contributed by the guests themselves, most of whom appeared in their familiar trail ride apparel — even though the odd shirt and pair of jeans had that freshly ironed look!

And of course we had the mountains for a background with Banff's Cascade Mountain pinch-hitting for our old guardian Cascade Rock!

The camp-style supper has been an annual feature for several years, and is now as much a part of the trail ride agenda as the pre-ride get-together, Stunt Nite, the annual meeting and the grand pow-wow. Let's hope it's here to stay!



Marshall Diverty addresses the assembly in Sundance Tent.

GRAND POW-WOW IS FITTING FINALE

NEXT morning, most of us were in civvies; many were already homeward bound. But that was next morning. Tonight, it was different—the grand pow-wow was underway, the arena was the big Doughnut, and trail ride apparel was still all the rage.

The annual pow-wow is to the trail rides what "30" is to a newspaper story. It writes finis to those wonderful days in the saddle and nights under canvas. It signals a transition from care-free days in the open to the work-a-day world of alarm clocks, typewriters and worrying about magazine deadlines.

The grand pow-wow might be described as the last frontier of the trail ride spirit until the calendar signals the approach of a new season of saddle sorties. It is of necessity an occasion for mixed emotions and mixed expressions — some gay, some sad; some smiling, some wistful.

Though the accent is definitely on good fellowship and gaiety, the hard fact remains that tomorrow it's all over for another year!

And so it was the trail riders marked their annual pow-wow on the grounds of Banff Springs Hotel last summer in the dusk of a July evening. It began with an address by the retiring president, Chas. M. Dunn and featured introductions of the newly elected officers, an address from B. I. M. Strong,

superintendent of Banff National Park, ex-president Marshall H. Diverty, and others prominent on the trail ride roster.

The big silver Townsend Trophy was presented (in absentia) to Miss Marilyn D. Russell, of Ponoka, Alta., for the most outstanding amateur photo taken on the 1953 trail ride. A miniature of the cup was sent Miss Russell prior to the presentation.

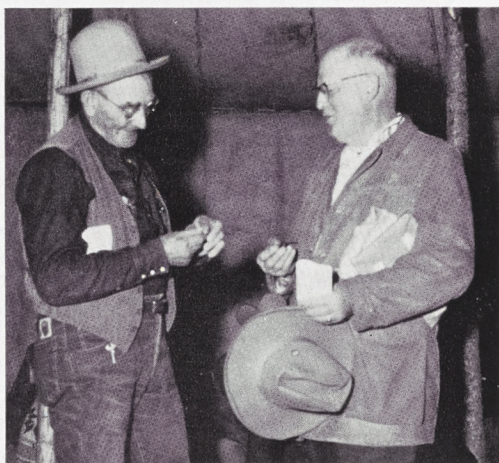
The hour-and-a-half program, emceed by

Ross P. Alger, was further enhanced by the singing of trail song favorites, headed by the camp's perennial theme song, "Trail Time in the Rockies." A further burst of harmony was contributed by the Lib Smith choristers. And, of course, "Uncle Ray" Bagley was on hand with a choice recitation or two. Clarence Richards supplied the accordion accompaniment.

And so it continued until we clasped our neighbors' hand, cleared our throats, and sang "Auld Lang

Syne" as it had never been sung before! It was late July and twilight was coming a little earlier. Darkness was gathering as we pushed our way through the flap of the big Doughnut to the crisp outdoors.

A few more goodbyes, the whirl of starting motors, and the grounds were deserted. Another trail ride season had come and gone.



Prominent pow-wow personalities were Ray Bagley, left, and Charlie Dunn, last year's president. "Uncle Ray" entertained the group with recitations which he himself composed.

RESPIRE FROM SADDLE



Comely threesome takes it easy on one of nature's own chesterfields. Such interludes are commonplace on the leisurely rides or around camp.

Hustle that Duffle!

● Trail riders are requested to have all duffle deposited on the north verandah of the Mount Royal Hotel or left with the porter at Banff Springs Hotel by 4.00 p.m. on the day before the ride gets underway. This will enable the outfitter to have our belongings transported to camp well in advance of our own arrival.

In cases where arrival schedules make it impossible to meet this deadline, the outfitter will arrange to have duffle sent out later by other means.

Pre-Ride Get-Together!

Wanted: Films or slides taken on previous trail rides. Object: To have these run off at the annual get-together, to be held by Trail Riders in Banff's Masonic Hall on the evening of July 14th and July 21st. Purpose: To give new members a better picture of what goes on in camp and on the trails and everyone a chance to get acquainted before starting out.

Yes, that annual get-together (we'll have to think of a better name for it one of these days) has come to be a red letter event on the trail ride calendar. In addition to the showing of films and kodachromes, there's plenty of singing, entertainment and good fun on the program. So come along and join in the fun!

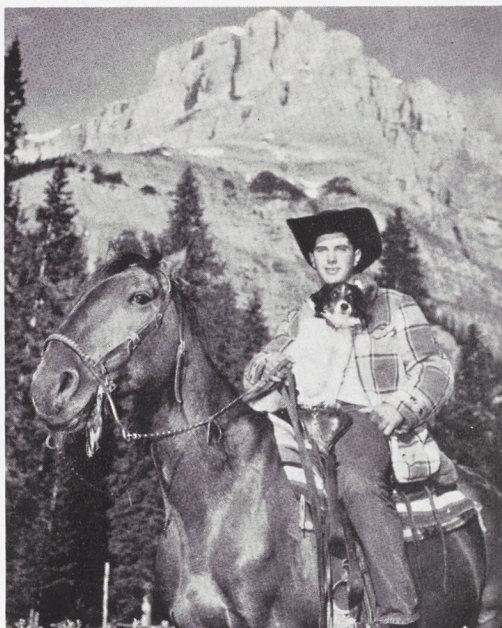
What's In a Name? Nothing at All!

● Rumor has it that the next Townsend Trophy winner will be selected on two counts. He must (1) submit the best photograph and (2) have a *short name*! This bit of idle gossip — fortunately for Christopher Quiggleberry and Marmaduke Cholmondeley — is nothing more than that — idle gossip!

Here's how it happened. A trail rider walked into Banff Springs Hotel last summer and took a long careful look at the trophy. Then he looked puzzled. He noted that the names of the winners — listed one below the other each year since 1929 — had practically reached the cup's narrowing neck. The last two or three, it seemed, were already having a hard time hanging on!

We explained, however, that the old mug is still ready to take on all comers — regardless of the number of syllables in the name. If the '55 winner is Mr. Ip — or even Mr. Ipp — the name can still be engraved on the cup itself. And if it's Murgatroeyed or more, the winner's name can be inscribed on a metal plate and affixed to the cup's ebony base. Lots of trophies do it that way.

So the requirements are still the same, folks. It's the picture that counts — not the name!



Talking dogs may be a dime a dozen, but a trail riding dog is something else again! However, there are such things and to prove it we show pic of trail riding terrier in the saddle.



Few cameras have snapped a horse with greater "action" than the accompanying sketch by Wilma Norman, of Montreal. In her home at suburban Valois, the 15-year-old artist maintains a large collection of drawings and pastels, the majority of which deal with her favorite subject — horses. All are amazing for their lifelike qualities.

Miss Norman's talents were recognized last year when she was awarded a scholarship for entrance in the junior course of the Montreal Museum of Fine Arts' School of Art and Design. This summer Wilma plans to further her studies at the School of Fine Arts in Banff.

Trophy Awarded for Winning Photo



TOWNSEND CUP AGAIN UP FOR COMPETITION

LAST WEEK we took the Townsend Trophy out of its glass case, gave it a routine dusting, gazed at it lovingly, then restored it to hibernation—if only for a few more weeks.

If the big silver mug could only talk, it would probably have come up with the question, "Who's next?"—Meaning who will be the winner of the trophy for this, the 55th year of the 20th century?

And just in case you came in late, we'll take time out to brief you on the coveted cup, when it was first put up for competition and by whom, and how you too can be the lucky (Oops!) skilful winner.

The trophy, a handsome silver cup, standing some two feet in height, is awarded each year to the trail rider who has submitted what the judges consider the leading picture photographed on that year's ride.

It was first put up for competition in 1929 by Reginald Townsend, of New York, one of our Charter Members. During that year, and each subsequent year, a winner's name has been engraved on the trophy's gleaming exterior.

And just in case you happen to be this year's winner — it *could* be you — here is how your win would be recognized:

(1) Your name engraved on trophy, along with the year of award.

(2) Award of a small silver replica of the cup, inscribed with winner's name and prize year. While the big trophy is retained in Banff, the miniature can be taken home to grace the winner's trophy shelf.

(3) Gift of an 8" x 10" enlargement of winning photo, printed on matte paper, and suitably mounted.

(4) Page-wide reproduction of photograph in "Trail Riders" magazine, along with descriptive cutlines.

(5) A pat on the back (unless sunburned) by his or her trail ride pals.

There are no strings attached to the contest once you know the ropes. And to learn the ropes, quickly and painlessly, just glance over these few simple rules that will make it easier for yourself, the judges and the editor.

(a) Entries should be printed in glossy (not matte) finish, preferably no larger than 8" x 10" and no smaller than 5" x 7".

(b) Since color pix cannot be reproduced successfully in our mag, entries must be confined to black and white prints only.

(c) You can send in as many entries as you wish. All will be judged on their individual merits.

(d) Each contestant should print his or her nom-de-plume on the reverse side of

each entry, along with contest year. The contestant's actual name should be printed, along with same nom-de-plume, on slip of paper. This should be enclosed in a sealed envelope on outside of which nom-de-plume only is printed.

(e) All entries should be in the hands of the editor by October 1, 1955. The deadline is earlier this year in keeping with the Bulletin's revised publication schedule.

(f) Only photos taken during one or both of the two 1955 rides can be accepted.

(g) All entries will be retained by the editor for possible inclusion in subsequent issues of the magazine. These, if published, will carry the owner's credit line. Photos will be returned promptly on request.

So there you have it, Trail Riders! Nothing to it, is there! Remember, there are no limits to the choice of subject matter. Though our records show more "scenics" in the winning class, good camp close-ups have also made the judges sit up and take notice!

The judges, by the way, are selected for their knowledge and experience in photography, art, and related subjects. And just to keep the whole thing impersonal, we



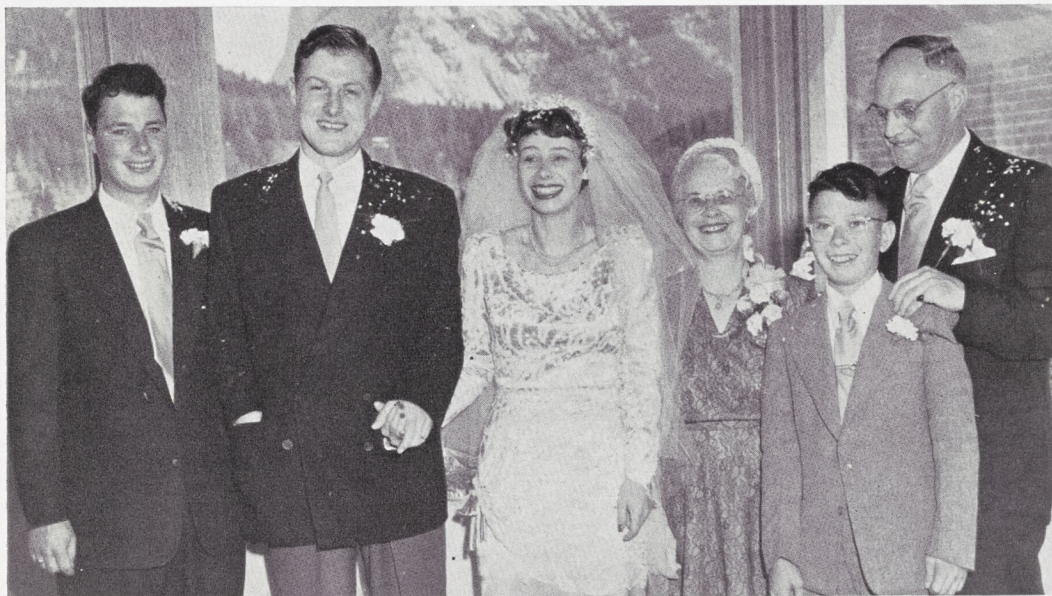
We gather at trailhead

select only non-Trail Riders for the judges' panel.

Your camera itself should be the least of your worries. If you have a good old box-type model, bring it along. A number of winners have been clicked by this time-honored variety. They also dry out quicker if you happen to drop them accidentally in a river.

And here's wishing you the best of luck in your "cameraspirations" this coming season!

WEDDING BELLS RING FOR POPULAR MEMBER



The marriage of Miss Pat Riley, of Calgary, to John H. Waite, also of the foothills city, was of special interest to Trail Riders. The bride has been a popular member of past cavalcades, while her parents, Dr. and Mrs. R. C. Riley, are equally well-known to the association. Mrs. Riley is a life member and member of the council.

Shown here at the reception following the ceremony at St. Georges-in-the-Pines in Banff, are, left to right: Robert A. Riley, of Calgary; Mr. and Mrs. Waite, Mrs. R. C. Riley, Charles C. Riley, and Dr. Riley.

Shade Trees of the Rockies

by DAN McCOWAN

WHEN ON a Trail Ride on summer days in the Canadian Rockies it is pleasant to rest at noon in the grateful shade cast by leafy trees. A mossy bank by the side of the trail, embroidered it may be with twin flower or kinnikinnik, forms a comfortable couch, one's rucksack serves for a pillow. The sounds common to such places provoke no echoes from the quiet hills. The twittering of a brown wren, the mellow droning of bumble bees, the clicking castanets of a winged grasshopper, the distant drumming of a downy woodpecker — all such notes fall gently on the ear. The leaves of the aspen poplar, casting fretted shadows on the underwoods, flutter in the gentle breeze, making a soft murmur like that of small water brooks.

On such halcyon days the leafy trees must often be lulled to sleep. That deciduous trees

.....
 ● *Did you know that trees too take a nap when they're drowsy? Though a tree has yet to be accused of snoring, certain species do give outward appearances of slumber, the trees appearing wilted with leaves limp and slightly curled at the edges. And trees have every good reason to tire. It's a big job drawing moisture from the earth and circulating it through trunk, branches, twigs and leaves.*

do sleep in summer is evident, on sultry days in July, one may see the balsam poplars enjoying an afternoon nap. In this drowsy condition the tree appears wilted, the leaves being limp and slightly curled at the edges. One gathers that the individual, probably overworked, stands in need of an occasional rest and thus the air conditioning and hydraulic functions of the tree are temporarily suspended. This can be the better understood when one learns of the enormous quantity of moisture which, on a hot day, a large tree of this type draws from the soil and transfers through the trunk, the branches and the twigs to the myriad leaves high in the air.

Amongst broad-leaved trees native to the Rockies of Canada the balsam poplar is a familiar type common on the shores of lakes and by water courses. It is a large tree with grey-green bark and stout branches. The leaves are smooth, dark green and shiny on the upper surface, the lower side being more pale in color. On young trees they are

frequently of great size one measured by the writer being 10 inches long and seven inches wide. The flowers are in slender catkins. This tree is also known as "Balm of Gilead" owing to the abundance of resinous wax which seals and protects the winter buds. Under the warm sun and winds of spring this substance becomes viscid and is then very fragrant.

A grove of balsam poplar in early June gives off a delightful odor luring bees in large numbers to carry off the sticky gum used in the caulking of cracks and in the plugging of holes in the hollow tree or hive wherein the colony has a home. When in course of time, the tall tree trunks become hollow the cavities form ideal nesting places for woodpeckers, flickers and sparrow hawks. The hornets in fashioning their globular paper nests obtain much wood pulp from dead poplar trees.

The aspen poplar is a slender tree having smooth light green bark and small bluntly ovate leaves. In the Rockies it grows singly and in small groves, the light airy form and pale green foliage being in marked contrast to the more sombre spruce and pine. Exposed to strong sunlight, the bark is so bleached as to resemble that of the white birch.

In eastern Canada much of the wood of this tree is used in the making of matches and paper pulp. In the western mountains it is not considered of commercial importance. When however in trail ride camps the fires blaze beneath the pendant pots and cauldrons of the cooks it is poplar wood that best serves as fuel. In the gathering darkness it is dry poplar wood that makes a cheerful flickering blaze in the tepees, furnishing grateful heat, minus sparks, to the occupants.

Nature must hold the aspen poplar in high esteem. In early summer throughout the Rockies there is profuse scattering of seed, the silken parachutes filling the air like snowflakes in a winter blizzard. Yet it is doubtful if even one seed in 10,000 ever germinates. The sapling sprouts quickly, gaining a height of from three to four feet in one year. In the national parks of Banff, of Yoho and of Kootenay, it forms valuable source of food to large numbers of beaver and moose, the tender and juicy bark of poplar twigs being eagerly sought by these animals. In winter the varying hare and

(Continued on page 26)

Training for the Trails at Kananaskis!

"They ride like Cossacks!"—That's what you're likely to say when you see Lib Smith's comely cavalry trotting along the skyline trails.

Perhaps you wonder howcum they're so at home in the saddle when all you can do is (a) get your horse started (b) stay in the saddle (c) step in the stirrup without hopping several paces with the horse (d) enjoy a brisk canter without squeezing the daylights out of the saddle horn.

Wa-a-a-l, folks, I think we have the answer. Fact is, the gals are no rank amateurs when they throw in their lot with the rest of the cavalcade at the trailhead corral. They've already had several days of saddle-conditioning at Brewster's Kananaskis Dude Ranch!

Just to get the picture first-hand, the editor and cameraman Johnny Kalina paid a visit to the ranch to see how teen-aged dudesters become first-hand experts almost overnight! And here's the report:

(a) The girls had real affection for their horses (b) The horses took kindly to the girls (c) They had boundless enthusiasm that spelled success from the start.



These two were destined to be friends from the start. Miss Barbara Sheppard, of Glenside, Pa., and her mount, photographed at Kananaskis Ranch following the five-day ride.



A youthful zest was injected into the five-day ride last year. And largely responsible were these teen-aged girls from the eastern United States, who attended in a group escorted by Miss Elizabeth G. Smith, of Jenkintown, Pa. They are seen here at Kananaskis Ranch where they spent several days before and after the ride.

SHADE TREES OF THE ROCKIES

(Continued from page 24)

the wapiti or elk, lacking other food, are obliged to eat poplar bark. The American bison or buffalo makes use of the bark of this tree as a spring tonic.

In April numerous wood ticks resort to twigs of poplar saplings hoping from thence to hitch hike in the coat of a passing mule deer or a mountain sheep. The rufous humming bird, common in the Canadian Rockies during summer, makes free use of the downy fluff of poplars in the upholstering of her tiny nest.

The aspen poplar, being widely distributed, has in consequence many names of which quaking aspen and trembling aspen are most common. An almost constant quivering of the leaves was doubtless responsible for the tradition that Judas hanged himself on a tree of this kind and that ever since it has trembled fearfully and is accursed. Another legend in which explanation of the fluttering of poplar leaves was offered might long ago have been heard in remote glens in the Grampians;

*Far off in Highland Wilds 'tis said,
But truth now laughs at fancy's lore,
That of this tree the Cross was made
Which erst the Lord of Glory bore.
And of that deed its leaves confess
E'er since a troubled consciousness.*

In the coastal region of British Columbia and throughout much of the interior of that Province, the alder is a large and prominent tree, esteemed as firewood, detested as harboring hosts of tent caterpillars. To native Indian people the bark yields a satisfactory orange dye. In the Rocky and Selkirk mountains the alder is seldom more than a shrub gaining in density of growth what it lacks in stature. Frequently forming a heavy thatch about the midriff of a mountain it is cordially disliked by members of the Canadian Alpine Club. Field mice, however, find covert under the matting of alder and are there concealed from owls and hawks . . .

There should be few, if any, witches lurking in the neighborhood of Emerald Lake. The mountain ash or rowan, growing freely in that area, has ever been regarded in many parts of the world as a potent agent in warding off evil spirits. In Scotland, rowan trees were formerly planted around farm steadings in the belief that horses and cattle would thereby be rendered immune from witchcraft.

In the Rockies of Canada the mountain ash may hardly be classed as a tree but

(Continued on page 27)



Though generally free to ride the trails, Robert Gabriel, of Cedarhurst, L.I., was temporarily tied up when this photo was taken. Robert came to attend one ride, liked it so well he stayed for the second, later signed up for the hike.



If you don't own a horsehair couch, here's the nearest thing to it. And after toting riders of all shapes and sizes uphill and downdale all day, what horse could object to doubling for a couch?



What goes on here anyway? It's really not as complicated as it looks. It's just that Kathleen and Darch Osborne figure that Dad (Dr. Harry Osborne) should take his morning ablutions the hard way.

Ex-President Mather Pays Tribute to "Pal"

● *The following tribute to the late R. H. Palenske was submitted to the Bulletin by Ralph J. Mather, of St. Paul, Minn., a former president of the Trail Riders and a life member of the association since 1948. Mr. Mather had been an intimate friend of Mr. Palenske for many years.*

I had the privilege of knowing "Pal" Palenske quite well over a period of years. I met him in Chicago in the twenties, and saw him frequently.

And as I saw more of his wonderful ability to create life-like etchings of the great outdoors—bear, deer, wildfowl, marine life, not to mention his striking horse reproductions—I decided his place should be with the advertising firm of Brown & Bigelow.

It was not until five years after I suggested the move that Mr. Palenske decided to accept. His success was assured from the time he first displayed his art at a sales managers convention. His work was greeted with tremendous applause—by sales managers, manufacturers, and the public in general.

From that day forward, we enjoyed many trail rides together. It was always interesting to note that "Pal" and Carl Rungius, another wild animal painter, would frequently ride ahead of the main cavalcade to examine bear tracks, or other signs of wild life, before these were disturbed by the main body.

Needless to say, Pal will be deeply missed by his many colleagues who enjoyed his companionship on the trails, and whose outstanding art work had gained their admiration, through reproductions in the Bulletin and other media.

● Trail Riders wishing mileage buttons are requested to write the secretary-treasurer stating classification desired. A complete supply is now available at no change in price.

For the benefit of newcomers, these come in screw-cap style for men, and in brooch style for the ladies. Not only does a trail ride button smarten up that lapel, it also helps keep the association in the limelight!

If you have ridden a minimum of 50 miles on specified trails, you are entitled to wear a button. They range in price from \$2.50 to \$6.00, postpaid.



● The passing of R. H. Palenske, of Woodstock, Ill., was learned with extreme regret by members of the association, many of whom had accompanied "Pal" on the trails in earlier years.

An ex-president and charter member, Mr. Palenske figured prominently in the association's beginnings. A brilliant artist, his lifelike sketches of wildlife had won him worldwide renown.

SHADE TREES OF THE ROCKIES

(Continued from page 26)

rather as a large and attractive shrub. In summer the broad flat clusters of creamy white blossoms form showy spots of color on the hillsides, the slopes above Lake Wapta being particularly favoured. Not until the fruit is fully ripe do the birds partake of it, the robins and waxwings then consuming large quantities of the scarlet berries. Although largely carnivorous in habit the pine marten at times eats freely of this fruit.

Tree growth in the Canadian Rockies is very slow and many years must elapse before even the shrubs fully mature. A live match or a burning cigaret, dropped thoughtlessly by the trail's edge may wipe out a forest that has been many years a-growing. To the trail rider, the angler and to all who find pleasure in the woods throughout the Rockies, the saving of trees from fire should be more than a mere slogan. It is a responsibility resting not on transients nor on residents collectively, but on each individual who walks on woodland trails and who delights to rest in the cool green twilight of the forest.

CORRAL CHATTER

by TILLIE KNIGHT

● Where do Trail Riders disappear to in the Wintertime?

Old-timers, Bill Brewster and his sister, Mrs. Pearl Moore, jaunted off to Arizona and California to visit friends . . . our President, Ches. McNair of Great Falls, with his wife and a friend took a motor trip down through Arizona to Mexico and back via Sante Fe. Just missed meeting them in Tucson by one day — as I was flying back home after spending three wonderful weeks with my brother Harry, in Casa Grande, Arizona — That's a grand country in the winter . . . sunshine all the time Yep, south in the winter and north in the summer, the birds have the right idea.

Miss Lib Smith and her gals, I hear, have been real bookworms this winter, keeping their studies above par, so that they can return to the West this summer.

Steve and Bud are the spark plugs for the Calgary Power at Seebe, just coming in to Banff once in a while to see the movies or get a square meal from Ruth . . . Lin Spiller has joined the warden service. Result: he and his wife have been here all winter, so have Gerry and Bobby Campbell. Robert Gabriel stayed on at the ranch all winter. Bill Bagley and Claude have turned carpenters and are busy as beavers remodelling a home in Banff. Jimmy and Joe Brewster are working with the B.T.C. They say Jimmy is the champeen Sunshine driver — They both look fine.

Dorothy Hayward has smoked the peace pipe with her family and is now allowed to bring her buckskin jacket into her Montreal home . . . Ann Crump is counting the days till she will have completed her "Francaise lessons" and can return to Banff . . . Dr. & Mrs. R. C. Riley of Calgary have been spending a number of week-ends in their Banff home.

Our best wishes to Dr. Hanna Brinkop who became the bride of the Rev. Dr. Arthur B. Little of Waterloo Ont., in December.

Our hard-working Secretary-Treasurer Graham "Scoop" Nichols has been commuting back and forth — East to West and West to East, promoting Trail Ride all along the way and Indian Days too.

So cheers, folks! It won't be too long till July and Trail Ride time rolls along. S'long everybody!



Galloping horsemen, painted on newest tepee, provide colorful backdrop for informal camp scene. Whether or not photographer (right) was as successful as ours has not yet been ascertained. Upper shoulder of Cascade Rock is seen in left background.

NEW LAURELS *(Continued from page 15)*

harmony. We've seen them swing into a hilarious act of "Hamlet" at the drop of a flashlight.

We also take pleasure in saluting two very indispensable members of the campfire troupe—Clarence Richards, the man with the accordion, and our new M.C.—Ross P. Alger who skilfully directed the show from start to finish. At the time of writing, we're still trying to coax them back for this year's performance.

The acts mentioned above were selected at random. It would take more space than we have available to give all the credit they deserve—and believe us, they deserve plenty.

FIVE GOOD TIPS

1. Have your cinches looked to before you start and every time you stop for a rest on the ride.
2. Strap a slicker or raincoat behind your saddle in case of a shower.
3. Get on and off your horse with your *left* foot in the stirrup.
4. Sit with your shoulders back and ride with an easy balance.
5. Give your horse as well as yourself an hour for lunch at mid-day.

• ON THE CAVALCADE OF '54 •

Five-Day Ride:

ABEGGLEN, Homer, Oxford, Ohio
 ABEGGLEN, Mrs. Homer, Oxford, Ohio
 ALBERTSON, Miss Sandy, 1117 Rice's Mill Rd., Wyncote, Pa.
 ALBURGER, Miss Lucy, Pardee Lane, Wyncote, Pa.
 ALGER, Ross, 735-8th Ave. W., Calgary, Alta.
 ANDERSON, Miss Geraldine, 93 Marcy Ave., East Orange, N.J.
 BADIK, Miss Diane, 6211 N. Masches St., Philadelphia, Pa.
 BARBER, P. J., 1406 — 3rd St. E., Calgary, Alta.
 BOND, Miss Renny, 326 Gray's Lane, Haverford, Pa.
 CREASE, Miss Helen, 301 Woods Rd., North Hills, Pa.
 CROWTHER, Miss Bonnie, 50 Chews Landing Rd., Haddonfield, N.J.
 CROWTHER, Miss Mickie, 219 Hemlock Rd., Wynnewood, Pa.
 CROWTHER, Miss Nancy, 50 Chews Landing Rd., Haddonfield, N.J.
 DAVIS, Miss Sydney, 329 Conestoga Rd., Wayne, Pa.
 DUNN, Charles M., 2721 McCallum St., Regina, Sask.
 ENGSTROM, Helge, Banff, Alta.
 FENNELL, Keith, 1043 Alder St., Eugene, Ore.
 FERRIS, Mrs. Ella, P.O. Box 775, Eureka, Mont.
 FUNK, Miss Mandy, 1314 Wheatshaf Lane, Abington, Pa.
 GABRIEL, Robert L., 354 Oak Ave., Cedarhurst, L.I., New York, N.Y.
 GARRETSON, Miss Claire E., Belle Mead, N.J.
 GILBERT, Henry B., Bowmansdale, Pa.
 GILBERT, Mrs. Henry B., Bowmansdale, Pa.
 GILBERT, Lyman D., Bowmansdale, Pa.
 GILL, Daniel, Jr., 7501 Walnut Drive, Los Angeles 1, Cal.
 GRAY, Miss Elizabeth, 32 Eastbourne Ave., Toronto, Ont.
 HANO, Miss Linda, Terrwood Rd., Huntingdon Valley, Pa.
 HARDMAN, Miss Virginia, 49 Park Ave., Bloomfield, N.J.
 HIGH, Miss Joan, 1417 Scrope Rd., Abington, Pa.
 JORDAN, Miss Jane, 1871 Old Welsh Rd., Huntingdon Valley, Pa.
 KALINA, John E., 1251 Everett St., Montreal, Que.
 KELLY, John R., 1115 — 16th St., North Bergen, N.J.
 KELLY, John, Jr., 1115 — 16th St., North Bergen, N.J.
 MABON, Charles K., 340 East 72nd St., New York, N.Y.
 MARSHALL, Miss Ruth, R.D. 2, Evelyn Ave., Trenton, N.J.
 MASTOWAY, Miss Mary, 408 Spence St., Winnipeg, Man.
 MICHENER, Miss Charlotte, 636 West Fourth St., Bridgeport, Montg. Co., Pa.
 MUSGRAVE, Miss Marian J., 59-4 Drexelbrook Drive, Drexel Hill, Pa.
 McALISTER, Al, 1138 Nelson St., Vancouver, B.C.
 NEWTON, Miss Linda, 601 E. Sedgwick St., Philadelphia, Pa.
 OSGOOD, Miss Dolly, 60 W. Tulpehocken St., Philadelphia 44, Pa.
 PARKER, Mrs. Mary, c/o "Mademoiselle" Magazine, 575 Madison Ave., New York, 22, N.Y.
 PASFIELD, Miss Hope, 241 Cheswold Lane, Haverford, Pa.
 QUACKENBUSH, Miss Thada, 125-B North Altantic Blvd., Alhambra, Cal.
 REYNOLDS, E. L., Clive, Alta.
 RAYNOLDS, Miss Gail, Clive, Alta.
 ROBINSON, Miss Jeannette, 135 Warwick Rd., Haddonfield, N.J.
 RONAGHAN, Miss Georgina, P.O. Box 881, Creston, B.C.
 SABIN, Frank E., Eureka, Mont.
 SCOTT, Miss Janet, Noble & Pepper Rds., Jenkintown, Pa.
 SHEPPARD, Miss Barbara, 340 Montier Rd., Glenside, Pa.
 SJOSTROM, Miss Sonja, 538 Shoemaker Rd., Elkins Park, Pa.
 SMITH, Miss Elizabeth G., 121 Township Line, Jenkintown, Pa.
 STEVENSON, Stanley R., Vida, Oregon.
 STEWART, Miss Isabel, 1523 — 28th Ave. S.W., Calgary, Alta.
 STUBBS, Miss Corinne E., Belle Mead, N.J.
 STURDY, Dr. Donald, 3136 Kilkenny Rd., Calgary, Alta.
 TROST, Miss Willo, Eureka, Mont.
 WILLAN, Mrs. Elsie, P.O. Box 133, Medicine Lodge, Kans.
 WILLAN, Miss Laura Ann, P.O. Box 133, Medicine Lodge, Kans.
 WRIGHT, Miss Joan, 1607 — 7-A St., N.W., Calgary, Alta.
 YOUNG, John, 10402 — 127 St., Edmonton, Alta.

(Continued on page 30)

• ON THE CAVALCADE OF '54 •

Six-Day Ride:

ALGER, Ross, 735 — 8th Ave. W., Calgary, Alta.
 BAILEY, Miss Jean, 3389 Pine Crescent, Vancouver, B.C.
 BARDWELL, W. U., 655 Grove Ave., Barrington, Ill.
 BOLGARD, Clifford E., 2239 Forestview Rd., Evanston, Ill.
 BOLGARD, Roger D., 2239 Forestview Rd., Evanston, Ill.
 BOYLAN, Miss Patricia, 6608 So. Maplewood Ave., Chicago 29, Ill.
 BUSBY, Miss Patricia, 211 Hertford Blvd., Tuxedo, Winnipeg, Man.
 CALHOUN, Harold, Tappen, B.C.
 CARNEGIE, Miss Susan A., 201 Waterloo St., Winnipeg, Man.
 DOUGLAS, Charles, 2001 — 23rd St. S.W., Calgary, Alta.
 DOUGLAS, Mrs. Charles, 2001 — 23rd St. S.W., Calgary, Alta.
 DUNLOP, Miss Jeannette, Luscar, Alta.
 DUNN, Charles M., 2721 McCallum St., Regina, Sask.
 EDWARDS, Miss Ann, Room 1009, 18 East Elm, Chicago 11, Ill.
 FUERST, Mrs. W. A., 5449 Hamilton Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.
 GABRIEL, Robert L., 354 Oak Ave., Cedarhurst, L.I., New York, N.Y.
 HANSEN, Miss Vera, Stettler, Alta.
 HOLDEN, Miss Dorothy K., 1916 — 31st Ave. S.W., Calgary, Alta.
 JOYCE, Wallace R., 306 Rose Park Drive, Toronto 7, Ont.
 KALINA, John E., 1251 Everett St., Montreal, Que.
 KNIGHT, Miss Ethel, P.O. Box 148, Banff, Alta.
 KYLES, Colin J., 450 East 20th St., North Vancouver, B.C.
 KYLES, Jock, 450 East 20th St., North Vancouver, B.C.
 MAYNE, Miss T. Gwendolyn, 1 Clarendon Ave., Toronto, Ont.
 MEAGHER, Miss Anne, Graymar Farm, Oakville, Ont.
 MOORE, Miss Sue, 104 Girton Blvd., Tuxedo, Winnipeg, Man.
 MORROW, Miss Anne E., 210 Canada Bldg., Prince Albert, Sask.
 MURRAY, Miss Elsie, Brooks, Alta.
 McIVER, Jack, c/o Supt.'s Dept., Bank of Montreal, Calgary, Alta.
 McVEIGH, Mrs. D. C., P.O. Box 160, Drumheller, Alta.
 McVEIGH, Miss Kay, Room 1009, 18 East Elm, Chicago 11, Ill.
 McVEY, Miss Jean, Luscar, Alta.
 NEELANDS, Hamilton, 10043 — 89th Ave., Edmonton, Alta.
 NICHOLS, Graham, Room 294, Windsor Station, Montreal, Que.
 NORMINTON, Jack, 1037 St. George Ave., North Vancouver, B.C.
 NORMINTON, Mrs. Jack, 1037 St. George Ave., North Vancouver, B.C.
 OBORNE, Darch, 105 — 26th Ave. W., Calgary, Alta.
 OBORNE, Dr. Harry, 105 — 26th Ave. W., Calgary, Alta.
 OBORNE, Miss Kathleen, 105 — 26th Ave. W., Calgary, Alta.
 PRIESTLY, Mrs. H., P.O. Box 543, R.R. 3, Winnipeg, Man.
 QUARRIE, Miss Margaret, Winter Park, Florida
 RAMSAY, Miss Helen, 11004 — 100th Ave., Edmonton, Alta.
 RICHARDS, Clarence A., 302 — 39th Ave. S.W., Calgary, Alta.
 ROSS, Miss Mary, 205 Grenfell Blvd., Tuxedo, Winnipeg, Man.
 ROTHENBERG, Miss Rita, 641 Shepherd Ave., Brooklyn 8, N.Y.
 SABIN, Frank E., Eureka, Mont.
 SMALE, Miss Donna, 137 Handsart Blvd., Tuxedo, Winnipeg, Man.
 STIVERS, Clifford L., 707 Magnolia Rd., Barrington, Ill.
 THOMSON, Miss Elaine M., 3010 Westmount Blvd., A-41, Montreal, Que.
 TUNSTALL, Jeremy, 57-A Sherwood Ave., Toronto 12, Ont.
 WATKINS, Howard C., 1617 Summer St., Calgary, Alta.

Our Super Staff

Guides:

STRINGER Len, VOLK Alex, EVANS Jack, CHATWIN Ken, BREWSTER Jim,
 COOK "Gunsight (C.C.).

Packers:

BREWSTER Art, CAMPBELL Gerry, CAMPBELL Read, HEDINGER George.

Chow Crew:

CAMPBELL Bobbie, STRINGER Margaret, REEVES Nancy.



Trail Riders of the Canadian Rockies



Officers, Council and Committees

President: C. S. McNAIR, Great Falls, Mont.

Vice-Presidents:

CHAS. DOUGLAS, Calgary, Alta.

MRS. W. A. FUERST, Cincinnati, Ohio.

A. D. McNICOL, Port Alberni, B.C.

FRANK SABIN, Eureka, Mont.

MISS ETHEL KNIGHT, Banff, Alta.

Secretary-Treasurer and Editor:

GRAHAM NICHOLS, Montreal, Que.

Council:

MISS MARGARET JENKINS, Vancouver, B.C.

J. A. KYLES, Vancouver, B.C.

F. L. LAIDLAW, Vancouver, B.C.

E. J. MCCracken, Montreal, Que.

J. H. McIVER, Wainwright, Alta.

J. E. McLAUGHLIN, St. Vital, Man.

MRS. BOB MACNICHOL, Calgary, Alta.

DR. DOROTHY I. MUIRHEAD, Hastings, Minn.

DR. HARRY OBORNE, Calgary, Alta.

J. W. ORKNEY, Yakima, Wash.

MISS HELEN RAMSAY, Edmonton, Alta.

MISS NANCY REEVES, Southampton, Pa.

MRS. R. C. RILEY, Calgary, Alta.

MISS DONNA SMALE, Winnipeg, Man.

L. W. SHULMAN, Calgary, Alta.

MRS. GERTRUDE TEES, Vancouver, B.C.

HOWARD C. WATKINS, Calgary, Alta.

MISS RUTH WOOLLEY, Woodbury, N.J.

MISS CAROL ZELLMER, Milwaukee, Wis.

Executive Committee:

MRS. J. I. BREWSTER, Banff, Alta.

MRS. P. A. MOORE, Banff, Alta.

CLAUDE BREWSTER, Banff, Alta.

B. I. M. STRONG, Banff, Alta.

L. S. CROSBY, Banff, Alta.

MISS ELIZABETH G. SMITH, Jenkintown, Pa.

J. A. HUTCHISON, Ottawa, Ont.

Membership Committee:

F. A. BRYANT, Banff, Alta.

CLAUDE BREWSTER, Banff, Alta.

MAJOR FRED BREWSTER, Jasper, Alta.

L. S. CROSBY, Banff, Alta.

R. J. MATHER, St. Paul, Minn.

MISS KAY SPALDING, Calgary, Alta.

R. J. STEEVES, Field, B.C.

Trail Committee:

HERB. ASHLEY, Banff, Alta.

BUD BREWSTER, Banff, Alta.

F. A. BRYANT, Banff, Alta.

CLAUDE BREWSTER, Banff, Alta.

MRS. EATON CROMWELL, New York City, N.Y.

G. H. DEMPSTER, Jasper, Alta.

MARSHALL H. DIVERTY, Woodbury, N.J.

J. A. HUTCHISON, Ottawa, Ont.

DAN McCOWAN, Cloverdale, B.C.

MRS. P. A. MOORE, Banff, Alta.

BRUCE MITCHELL, Banff, Alta.

F. W. E. ROUND, Edmonton, Alta.

JAMES SMART, Ottawa, Ont.

C. M. SMITH, Vancouver, B.C.

R. J. STEEVES, Field, B.C.

J. M. WARDLE, Ottawa, Ont.

Jasper Squadron:

MRS. ROBERT BICKLEY

MAJOR FRED BREWSTER, Chairman

MRS. HARRY KENSIT, Secretary

Official Doctor:

DR. HARRY G. OBORNE, Calgary, Alta.

Official Editor of Bulletin

GRAHAM NICHOLS
Montreal, Que.

Honorary Members:

MRS. H. DOOLEY, Chicago, Ill.

DR. RUSSELL FOWLER, Brooklyn, N.Y.

BASIL GARDOM, Denedney, B.C.

WALLACE KIRKLAND, Chicago, Ill.

NORMAN LUXTON, Banff, Alta.

CAPT. A. H. MACCARTHY, Annapolis, Md.

MRS. D. C. MACFARLAND, Ithaca, Pa.

Ex-Presidents:

DR. A. T. GILLESPIE, Fort William, Ont.

KEITH E. HOFFMEYER, Indianapolis, Ind.

SIDNEY HOLLANDER, Baltimore, Md.

RALPH J. MATHER, St. Paul, Minn.

LT. COL. P. A. MOORE, Banff, Alta.

MRS. P. A. MOORE, Banff, Alta.

R. H. PALENSKE, Woodstock, Ill.

DR. H. W. PRICE, Calgary, Alta.

Life Members

Kaufman, Eugene M., Jr., Philadelphia, Pa.

Kelley, Miss Dora H., South Bend, Ind.

Luxton, Norman, Banff, Alta.

MacCarthy, Capt. A. H., Annapolis, Md.

MacCarthy, Mrs. D. H., Annapolis, Md.

MacFarland, Mrs. D. C., Ithaca, Pa.

Mather, Ralph J., St. Paul, Minn.

McCorrie, Miss Alvina, Bloomsburg, Pa.

Merrill, Miss Ella P., Brooklyn, N.Y.

Mitchell, G. B., Rutherford, N.J.

Moore, Mrs. P. A., Banff, Alta.

Nicolls, Frederick W. Jr., Reading, Pa.

Noble, William M., Banff, Alta.

Palenske, R. H., Woodstock, Ill.

J. M. PHILLIPS, Pittsburg, Pa.

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN OF SIAM

DEPUTY COMMISSIONER RYAN R.C.M.P.,

Regina, Sask.

THE MARQUIS OF WILLINGDON, London,

England

LADY WILLINGDON, London, England

DR. C. W. PROWD, Vancouver, B.C.

DR. GEO. REA, Saskatoon, Sask.

CARL RUNGUIS, Banff & New York

F. E. SABIN, Eureka, Mont.

DR. H. J. VANEK, Menomonie, Wis.

GEORGE VAUX, Bryn Mawr, Pa.

J. M. WARDLE, Ottawa, Ont.

WALTER D. WILCOX, Chevy Chase, Md.

W. U. BARDWELL, Barrington, Ill.

J. I. BREWSTER, Banff, Alta.

H. T. COLEMAN, Montreal, Que.

MARSHALL H. DIVERTY, Woodbury, N.J.

MRS. H. DOOLEY, Chicago, Ill.

CHAS. M. DUNN, Regina, Sask.

MAJOR GENERAL W. W. FOSTER,

Victoria, B.C.

Atkin, Dr. G. M., Banff, Alta.

Blakney, Peter J., Verona, N.J.

Brewster, Claude, Banff, Alta.

Brewster, Mrs. James I., Banff, Alta.

Carter, Wilf, Carstairs, Alta.

Crosby, L. S., Banff, Alta.

Dosby, Mrs. L. S., Banff, Alta.

Dosby, Mrs. Harry, Chicago, Ill.

Dore, Mrs. Pearl V. W., Baltimore, Md.

Duclos, Aubrey S., Edmonton, Alta.

Eames, Mrs. Frances M., Toronto, Ont.

Harbison, Miss Helen D., Philadelphia, Pa.

Henry, Mrs. J. Norman, Gladwyne, Pa.

Hollander, Mrs. Sidney, Baltimore, Md.

Queen of Siam, Her Majesty, London, Eng.

Reid, Mrs. Charles, Banff, Alta.

Riley, Mrs. R. C., Calgary, Alta.

Runguis, Carl, Banff and New York

Sabin, Frank E., Eureka, Mont.

Shepard, Mrs. Graham, Fleet, Hants, Eng.

Sieburth, Mrs. Mary, Vancouver, B.C.

Stowell, Dr. Averil, Baltimore, Md.

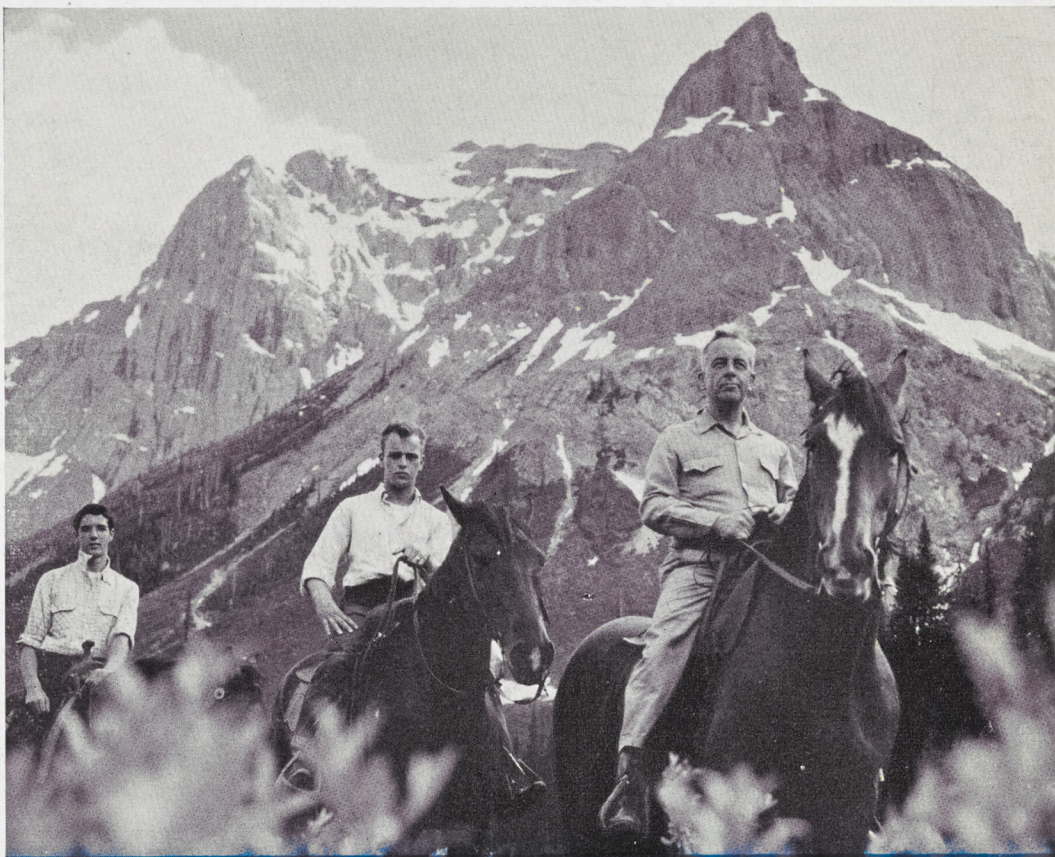
Vaux, George, Bryn Mawr, Pa.

Williams, J. F., Vancouver, B.C.

Wills, Miss Hilda P., Bristol, England

Woolnough, W. H., Montreal, Que.

• Complete membership lists will appear in the Autumn edition — with the necessary revisions. New names will be added, others deleted, and still more transferred to new mileage classifications. It will be appreciated if all members whose names are incorrectly spelled, or whose addresses are incorrectly listed, advise the editor as soon as possible after error has been discovered.



Vanguard of trail riders emerges majestically into camera's view while negotiating the trail of '54. Mountains in background are typical of spectacular panorama that unwinds continually before admiring cavalcade.

Who are the Trail Riders?

The Trail Riders of the Canadian Rockies comprise an independent society of alpine enthusiasts of both sexes who each year hold two or more camps—of five and six days' duration—in the vicinity of Banff or Lake Louise.

What are their aims?

Principal aims of the society are to encourage horseback riding over the more remote trails of the Canadian Rockies, to encourage the construction of new trails and the maintenance and improvement of those already in use, to promote good fellowship, interest in wild life, and to co-operate with other organizations holding similar aims.

How are they governed?

Established in 1923, the Trail Riders have their own constitution, executive officers, council, and various operating committees. A new slate of officers is elected annually, the office of President alternating each year between a Canadian and an American Trail Rider.

How is the camp conducted?

Trail Riders make their headquarters at a permanent camp from which a series of outstanding trails radiate. They set out each morning on new trails, lunch on the trail, and return to camp at nightfall for supper, singsong and campfire entertainment. Riders make their homes in tepees, artistically decorated by Indians of the local Stoney tribe. Sleeping bags take the place of beds.

How do I join the annual ride?

To make application for any of the annual rides simply drop a note to the Secretary-Treasurer, Trail Riders of the Canadian Rockies, Room 294, Windsor Station, Montreal, Que., enclosing a deposit of \$10.00, and stating which of the rides you wish to attend. The deposit is credited to total trail ride fee, the balance being payable in Banff up to the day before ride gets under way.

Cost of the five-day ride is \$70.00, and the six-day ride \$80.00. This includes horse, saddle equipment, tepee accommodation, meals, guide services, gratuities, transportation of duffle from Banff to camp and return. Bus fare between Banff and trailhead is extra, this varying with mileage.